

as great but of a different kind, a man who gave such wisdom to my soul that was still lost, who simply and graciously handed me a gift I can never repay.

Not that he would want me to. Not that he didn't have his reward, the father of all of us.

And it seems the good among us do die young, the good so very, very rare and beautiful.

—Fred Voss

Long Beach, CA

DEAR EDITOR:

Marvin: Right above my typewriter is the first acceptance note from you for poems I submitted to WORMWOOD, hand-printed on a plain piece of white notebook paper, and I am so proud of that piece of paper, and I will never forget how exciting it was to have my work accepted and eventually printed alongside some of the best poets in this country, and I shall never forget the time you took to carefully read and respond to each submission I sent to you and how I felt as though I was corresponding with a long-known friend as well as an editor. You are not gone, Marvin. You live in each issue of WORMWOOD REVIEW, your stamp as editor alive in each poem printed over all those decades. I can only express my deep appreciation for your incredible contribution to poetry as I say good-bye to WORMWOOD, but I shall not say good-bye to you because each time I pick up an issue of the mag and open it, you are there in those pages. It is not good-bye, Marvin, it is hello again, my friend tonight as I read over one of the Bukowski WORMWOOD chaps I just pulled from the shelf, and I will say hello tomorrow too.

—Gary Goude

Riverside, CA